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SIGNIFICATIONS.

THERE is a considerable number of words, which, though they may have one distinct dictionary signification, are employed in many various and even opposite senses, in accordance with the habits of feeling and thinking of those who use them. Virtue was, among the ancient Romans, bravery; among the modern, it is a taste for pictures; in Johnson's great register of the English language, it is moral efficacy. These meanings appear very contradictory; but the mystery is explained when we reflect, that, among the ancient Romans, bravery, among the modern Romans, a taste for pictures, and, among the British people, moral efficacy, was and is respectively estimated as the most useful and ennobling of qualities. The general aim of the word has at all times been the same: only the specific objects at which it has been directed are different. The phrase "a good man," unless used very emphatically, and with some illustrative aid from the context of the conversation, is scarcely ever understood to imply goodness: commercial people accept it as an assurance that the individual to whom it is applied can pay twenty shillings in the pound. If, instead of man, the word fellow be used, men of pleasure understand the phrase to mean that the individual is careless, happy, and dissolute. In the same way, "to live well" means, among pious people, to live in the practice of frequent devotion; among people of the world, to eat and drink all the good things possible. "Honest-like" in Scotland implies a certain degree of personal bulk; "wise-like," a certain elegance and substantiality of attire; while honest and wise, in that country, have the same significations as in others.

Good is often used in a depreciatory sense. "My good sir, you are quite wrong," is what we are apt to say when our friend utters any thing that we think reflects little credit on his understanding. The good woman did this, and the good man said that, are used when we describe any saying or doing which has betrayed ignorance of the ways of the world. This is akin to the epithet applied by the French courtiers of the fifteenth century to individuals of the peasantry —*Jacques Bonhomme*, James Good-man. When these same Jacques Bonhommes rose upon their superiors and commenced the bloody servile wars which made that period so memorable, this epithet of contemptuous pity for their ignorance and gentleness was still continued—the warrs themselves being styled the warrs of the Jacquerie. The anomaly of a so-called good man acting as the murderer of his master must have then been found in every cottage throughout a large part of France.

Upon the whole, judging the matter in a merely worldly point of view, the epithet good is not very desirable. It may have a favourable sense, and assuredly it is the duty of all to act in such a manner as to deserve its most rational and serious application. But, in the business of the world, there is a necessity for the exercise of so many smart and vigorous qualities, incompatible with, or at least apart from, the soft and easy nature of goodness, such as the power of repelling injury and insult, prosecuting legitimate interests, and meeting and overcoming difficulties, that the epithet is apt to imply such a character as men of the world hold in little respect.

The truth is, goodness depends very much on circumstances of time and place. In a time of siege he is the best man who can live on a handful of flour in the day, and is able to keep longest watch upon the walls. Among tradesmen, the first of the cardinal virtues is a habit of readily discharging accounts. With servants, he is the best master who gives least trouble;

with masters, he is the best servant who is most easily kept in order. There is hardly any acknowledgment among mankind of an abstract standard of morals. Whatever society in its larger or smaller departments chances to hold of most account, as tending to its convenience or squaring with its prejudices, he is the best man who most carefully respects it in his mode of life, and the worst who disregards or violates it. It is possible to get the repete of being a bad member of society without infringing a single rule of the decalogue, and to infringe not a few of the said rules without becoming in the least degree less acceptable in the circles frequented by the particular parties. Honesty, often accompanied by very mean and obscure sentiments of abstract morality, is the guiding card of the well-disposed among the industrious orders: honour, often unattended by what is called honesty, is the favourite and totally different code of persons of a superior grade. There may even be a city morality and a country morality; a large town morality and a small town morality; a sea-port morality and an inland town morality; a county morality, a parish morality, and a hamlet morality. That is to say, a particular course of conduct may be required to gain the praise of being right and good in each of those particular districts. An author of the last century relates, that, being once on a visit at a large town in the north of England, he went in company with a friend to the public bowling-green, where he observed a very respectable looking man who was shunned by every body. "By accident," says our author, "entering into conversation with this gentleman, I found him polite, agreeable, and well informed. In my way home, I could not help taking notice of what I had observed, and inquired of my friend the cause of this gentleman being thus evidently disregarded. 'Cause enough,' answered he; 'that fellow is the greatest scoundrel upon earth.' 'What has he done?' said I. 'Does he cheat? Is he a bad husband or father?' 'We don't trouble ourselves about his domestic affairs,' peevishly answered my friend; 'but, to do the fellow justice, I believe he is a good husband and father.' 'What, then? has he committed murder, or been guilty of treason?' 'No,' added my friend; 'we have nothing to do with his quarrels, and don't trouble our heads with his party; we have nothing to say against him on those subjects.' 'What, then, in the name of Fortune, can it be? Is he a blackleg or an usurer?' 'No, no,' replied my friend; 'no such thing; but, if you will have it, know, then, that good-looking plausible villain, in his own farm-yard, shot a fox big with young!' Recollecting that my friend and most of the gentlemen on the green were staunch fox-hunters, my wonder ceased."

The same author afterwards remarks—"An honest fellow, no longer ago than last week, cheated me confoundedly in a horse. On remonstrating with my cousin Justice Tankard, who had recommended the man to me, I learnt that with him an honest fellow meant only one who would not baulk his glass, and could swallow six bottles of port at a sitting."

"Nor"—he thus proceeds—"are the times of the day indicated by terms of more positive signification; but morning, noon, and evening, mean very differently from different persons, and in different places. I remember formerly, having received an appointment to wait on a noble lord the next morning; for want of a due consideration of his lordship's rank and amusements, I went at ten o'clock; but after knocking half an hour, was convinced by a slipshod footman that morning would not commence in that house till some hours after the sun had passed his meridian.

"On a similar appointment from a Welsh squire, I was at his door at eight, having been told he was an early man; but judge my surprise, when his servant informed me his master went out in the morning. On inquiry, I found morning in that house did not reach later than seven o'clock."

An honest country girl of the last century would have shrunk from the proposed introduction of "a nice man," supposing him to be some fastidious fop, unworthy of her attention. She would now gladly accede to the proposal, in the hope of meeting a person in every respect agreeable.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

TRANSMUTATION OF SPECIES.

THIS subject is one of the most interesting of those into which geology ramifies, and upon which the researches made in pursuit of the objects of that science are calculated to throw considerable light. The term species, Lamarck observes, has been generally applied to "every collection of similar individuals like themselves." According to Linnaeus and other distinguished naturalists, a more ample definition of the word is necessary; and one of the most important truths implied in it is, that each species of plant or of animal has some characteristic or characteristics which distinguish it or them from all others, which remain the same under every vicissitude and change of circumstances, never having varied since the species was called into existence. This view of entire distinctness, existing amongst different species, has been warmly combated by some very eminent philosophers, who have not only broadly denied it, but boldly asserted that all the varieties of plants and animals which abound in nature originally sprang from one individual specimen of organised life; in short, that man himself, Socrates, Shakespeare, and Newton, were merely zoophytes in a state of high improvement and cultivation! We shall endeavour to place this very interesting subject in as clear a point of view as the limits of a short paper will admit.

The term transmutation implies the change of one species into another species entirely different. The chief advocate of this doctrine is Lamarck, a celebrated French naturalist, of whose views we shall give a brief outline. The principle laid down is, that as the individuals of a species change their situation, climate, mode of life, and other circumstances, they also gradually change the form of their parts, and even lose some of their faculties or organs altogether, receiving others in their stead, so as to constitute a different species. That very extraordinary alterations in a plant are by this means effected, no one can deny. For instance, the original of the apple is to be found in the crab, of the plum in the sloe, of the red cabbage and the cauliflower in a bitter saltish-tasted plant which grew like wild charlock by the sea-side. Garden flowers, such as those called doubles, are very unlike any which are to be found growing wild; and all these, and many others which might be mentioned, are easily propagated by seed. The following experiment has been recorded by Mr Herbert:—"I raised," says he, "from the natural seed of one umbel of a highly manured red cowslip, a primrose, a cowslip, oxlips of the usual and other colours, a black polyanthus, a hose-in-hose cowslip, and a natural primrose, bearing its flower on a polyanthus stalk. From the seed of that very hose-in-hose cowslip, I have since raised a hose-in-hose primrose." If we turn from the vegetable to the animal kingdom, the same remarkable phenomena become apparent. Domestic fowls and pigeons are very unlike any birds in a wild

state. The ducks and geese propagated in a barn-yard are unable to elevate themselves into the higher regions of the atmosphere, and fly to immense distances like those wild and winged voyagers from which they were originally derived. Where can we find in a wild state the numerous races of dogs which now live and propagate their likenesses in a state of domesticity? Where shall we meet with in nature the mastiffs, harriers, spaniels, greyhounds, and various other races, between which there exists such a difference that they might readily be regarded as specific between wild animals? From examples like these, Lamarck comes to the conclusion, that change of local circumstances in which organised beings exist, causes alteration of form, and that this principle, proceeding gradually through long series of generations of the plant or animal, at length causes complete transmutation. He argues, that a change in climate, soil, and so on, creates new wants, and that these wants, which must be supplied, create new actions and habits; and these again, by calling into activity certain parts which were formerly but slightly exercised, gave rise to an increased development. Other organs, no longer necessary, became diminutive in size from want of exercise, nay, says he, in some instances were annihilated, whilst others more useful sprang up in their place for the purpose of discharging new functions. But before proceeding farther, it is necessary to state, that the production of an entirely new organ as a substitute for one displaced, or in order to fit the animal for peculiar circumstances, is a gratuitous assumption of the author, no proof being adduced in support of such a hypothesis.

From what has been stated, it must be evident that the reasoning of Lamarck leads to the conclusion that habits or faculties do not arise from peculiar formation of parts, but that organisation results from habitudes and the necessities of circumstances. For instance, water animals, such as frogs, swans, beavers, and the like, were not originally provided with web-feet; but being compelled to traverse the water in search of prey, by continually pushing their feet backwards in fluid element for the purpose of impelling themselves forwards, the skin which united their toes acquired a habit of extension; and this went on to increase, until the broad membrane with which their extremities are now connected was formed. If we turn to quadrupeds, we find that the antelope and the gazelle possess a remarkable elegance and slightness of form. Now, according to Lamarck, this peculiar construction of body did not originally belong to them; but being of a shy and timid nature, and unprovided with any adequate means of defence, and having been exposed to the dangers of being devoured by tigers and other beasts of prey, their only safety lay in flight. Being thus compelled to run with great celerity, the peculiar slenderness of their legs was the result. In like manner, the camel-leopard, whose home is the interior of Africa, a place almost devoid of herbage, was compelled by the nature of its situation to subsist on the foliage of trees, and by continually stretching itself to reach the boughs, until its fore-legs became longer than the hinder ones, and its neck so elongated, that through successive generations it was at last enabled to elevate its head twenty feet above the level of the ground.

That many striking varieties of species exist, is undoubtedly true; but that every variety of animal life has proceeded from one parent stock, is not difficult to disprove. The point to be ascertained is, Have species a real existence in nature, and is each endowed with attributes and an organisation which distinguishes it from every other, and which it has retained from the time of its creation? As an instance of the extent to which individuals belonging to one species may vary, that of the dog may be adduced. The modifications produced in the different races of these animals by the influence of man, is truly remarkable. These animals are known in every country, and, as a modern naturalist observes, they have been made the companion, the servant, the guardian, and the intimate friend of man; and the power of a superior genius has had a wonderful influence, not only on their forms, but on their manners and intelligence. Amongst the changes effected by circumstances may be mentioned the difference in the quantity and colour of their clothing, their size, the length of their muzzles, and the convexity of their foreheads. But in all these varieties of the dog, Cuvier observes, the relation of the bones with each other remains essentially the same; the form of the teeth never changes in any perceptible degree, except that in some individuals there appears occasionally an additional grinder. In order to link all the members of the animal kingdom together, Lamarck conjectures that the wolf may have been the original of the dog; but, unfortunately, they differ not only in their habits and instincts, but in their organisation, particularly, as Dr Prichard observes, in the structure of a part of the intestinal canal. Now, such a thing never occurs in members of one species. As a further proof of dogs not having sprung from wolves, it has been ascertained, that, when they have reverted to their original character, they never were found to degenerate into wolves; on the contrary, many travellers assert that they very nearly resembled the shepherd's dog, and this variety of the dog is, we believe, supposed to be the original one. With regard to the extraordinary changes effected upon some animals by man, it is sufficient that those which have become domesticated had an original aptitude

for living in such a situation, and that any changes effected in this exhibit themselves in a few generations. Professor Lyell observes, "Certain qualities appear to be bestowed exclusively with a view to the relations which are destined to exist between different species, and, among others, between certain species and man; but these latter are always so nearly connected with the original habits and propensities of each species in a wild state, that they imply no definite capacity of varying from the original type. The acquired habits derived from human tuition are rarely transmitted to the offspring; and when this happens, it is almost universally the case with those merely which have some obvious connection with the attributes of the species when in a state of independence."

There is another class of phenomena, namely, the production of hybrids or mules, which bears directly upon the question of the permanent distinctness of species. It may be laid down as a general rule, admitting of very few exceptions, that, among quadrupeds, the hybrid progeny is sterile; and there seems to be no well-authenticated examples of the continuance of the mule race beyond one generation. At all events, it seems to be undoubted that all cross breeds, even where there is a perpetuation of the animals, gradually degenerate, and become extinct in course of time. Now, this is entirely at variance with the theory of Lamarck, which rests solely upon the principle of a tendency to perfection, in animals as well as in plants. It may be mentioned that the mule offspring is rarely intermediate in character between the two parents. The celebrated Dr Hunter says, that, in his experiments, one of the hybrid pups resembled the wolf much more than the rest of the litter; and another experimenter informs us, that, from a white panther and a she-wolf, two of the cubs obtained resembled the common wolf-dog, but the third had hanging ears like those of a pointer. An author very sagaciously observes, that, if hybrid races were susceptible of being propagated from mixed species, the animal kingdom would soon present a scene of the greatest confusion; its tribes would be every where confounded, and we should perhaps find more hybrid creatures than genuine and uncorrupted races. The force of this argument appears to us irresistible. It knocks the pedestal from beneath the imposing superstructure of Lamarck, and buries it to the dust.

It is in the vegetable kingdom, however, say the transmutationists, that we are to look for the most decisive evidence in support of their theory. That in plants it is possible to obtain from hybrid stock a new species which will remain permanent for many generations, is unquestionable. A philosopher called Kolreuter obtained from two species of tobacco a hybrid, which ripened and produced by its seed through several generations a third species. Another experimenter called Wiegmann succeeded in changing the colour and shape of the leaves and flowers, and even the scent of some plants. But as in the animal kingdom, the success attending the production and perpetuity of hybrids amongst plants generally depends on the degree of proximity between the species intermarried.

It seems clear, that although a new species, capable of perpetuating itself, may sometimes occur, yet there are no data, as yet, to warrant the conclusion that a single permanent hybrid race has ever yet been formed, even in gardens, by the intermarriage of two allied species, brought from distant habitations; and until some fact of this kind is fairly established, and a distinct species, which may perpetuate itself without the aid of man, can be shown to exist, it seems reasonable to doubt entirely this hypothetical source of new species. That varieties do sometimes arise from cross breeds, in a natural way, no one will deny, but it seems probable that they become extinct even sooner than races propagated by grafts or layers. Professor Lyell sums up the arguments for the reality of species in the following manner:—

"1st, That there is a capacity in all species to accommodate themselves, to a certain extent, to a change of external circumstances, this extent varying greatly, according to the species.

"2dly, When the change of situation which they can endure is great, it is usually attended by some modifications of the form, colour, size, structure, or other particulars; but the mutations thus superinduced are governed by constant laws, and the capability of so varying, forms part of the permanent specific character.

"3dly, Some acquired peculiarities of form, structure, and instinct, are transmissible to the offspring; but these consist of such qualities and attributes only as are intimately related to the natural wants and propensities of the species.

"4thly, The entire variation from the original type, which any given kind of change can produce, may usually be effected in a brief period of time, after which no further deviation can be obtained by continuing to alter the circumstances, though ever so gradually; indefinite divergence, either in the way of improvement or deterioration, being prevented, and the least possible excess beyond the defined limits being fatal to the existence of the individual.

"5thly, The intermixture of distinct species is guarded against by the natural aversion of the individuals composing them, or by the sterility of the mule offspring.

"6thly, From the above considerations it appears

that species have a real existence in nature, and that each was endowed, at the time of its creation, with the attributes and organisation by which it is now distinguished."—Such a summary of the argument respecting the complete distinctness of species is so satisfactory as to require us to say nothing in addition.

THE FICKLE LOVER,

A STORY FOR DANGERS.

MR COLLINS was a gentleman retired from the commercial world. He had amassed a considerable fortune, and resided in a handsome villa near Belfast. He was a widower, with a son and two daughters. His eldest daughter was married to a gentleman in the county of Galway, with considerable extent of property stretching along the sea-coast. His younger daughter was at home; and his son was preparing to go to Edinburgh for his last winter there, to finish his studies, and to take his degree as doctor of medicine.

Previously to leaving Ireland, he received two letters of introduction to families in Edinburgh, from friends in Dublin. During the former seasons of his residence in Scotland, he had had the misfortune to be cast among a vain, frivolous class of society, acquaintances picked up by chance, from which he derived no pleasure, and less profit, and of which the recollection afforded him no pleasing associations.

He came to town a few days before the classes opened, that he might have time to arrange comfortably about lodgings, and call upon his new acquaintances. He first directed his steps, and without any particular reason for the preference, to Mrs Bosville's, a widow lady, who resided in a house within a garden on the Bonnington road.

Mrs Bosville was one of the most agreeable lady-like women Francis Collins had ever seen, and her daughter was not less so. They were the widow and daughter of a West Indian proprietor.

During the time that Mr Collins remained in their company, he thought he discovered in Mary Bosville all that constitutes a perfect being. Her dress, her manners, her face, shaded with her dark hair, her figure, chiefly her bust, which was equal to what sculptor ever modelled, were faultless; and her intelligence was to him as surprising as her wit and vivacity were fascinating. In a word, she was different from any woman he had ever seen before, and more perfect than any which, even with his glowing imagination, he had ever hoped to see.

He could have remained the whole day, and he did remain longer than a reasonable time for a first visit. When he was taking his departure, Mrs Bosville invited him to a party in the ensuing week. He accepted the invitation, but wished only that it had been the following day instead—for a week seemed to him a limitless period of time.

In the interval of this tedious period, he bethought himself of delivering his other letter of introduction, which was for a gentleman in Moray Place. Mr Stewart was a person who held a high official situation in town. He had a wife and family, and they were in the midst of the wealth, and fashion, and literature of the place. He called on Mr Stewart, who was a very kind, hospitable, gentlemanly man; but he was hurried with business; his wife and family were out; and without having time almost to speak to Mr Collins, he asked him, in a way that precluded a refusal, to come back at six to dinner, as he was to have a few friends. At six o'clock Mr Collins was standing in Mr Stewart's drawing-room amidst a group of gentlemen, talking about the news of the day till dinner was served up. Mr Stewart's two eldest daughters, with their husbands, composed part of the company; and although these were fine women, yet they were not to be compared with their younger unmarried sister Louisa; and Mr Collins could not help wondering how such a fascinating creature as she seemed to be, had not been preferred to either of them; but she was very young, and probably, when they were married, she was still within the precincts of the schoolroom. But she was now the centre of attraction, and she dispensed her smiles, and shone radiant amidst her graces, like a divinity. She was all that a poet could fancy, or an artist form, of an ideal portrait of female loveliness, which he finds, after all his efforts, he never can transfer to canvas. She had all that was classically correct and beautiful in her face and form, and more than mortal attractiveness in her manner. She played and sang selections from Rossini, Weber, and Auber, and the most admired composers, in the most splendid style. Collins was passionately fond of music, and such music from a very ordinary mortal would have done havoc, and robbed him of rest at any time; and after she had done justice to some of the first Italian and German masters, she rose from the piano, and leant over her harp, and struck a few notes of an Irish melody, which thrilled through his very soul. Before coming away, Mr Stewart gave him a general invitation to the house, and said to his wife, "I must transfer my young friend to you to show him attention, for I have so much business on hand that I really am not my own master at present." Mrs Stewart immediately arranged with him to call next day at one, to accompany them to an exhibition of paintings.

The following day was Saturday. Louisa Stewart was not less beautiful than on the preceding evening, and even more fascinating. They went to the exhibition and some other sights; and when Mr Collins

was taking leave of the ladies, after seeing them home, Mr Stewart looked in at the room-door, and called out, " You must not go away, Mr Collins. I hardly saw you yesterday. We are not to have a soul with us to-day, which I am very glad of; so you must stay and let us get acquainted."

Mr Collins was now fixed. He and Louisa were left together for almost two hours, and she was so sensible and well informed, as well as captivating, that the time flew like hours in Eden. Mr Collins had her music and singing all to himself that night; and after she had touched his every heart-string with his own native airs, he went home in a state of mind approaching to delirium. Nor was he to be long absent from her company. Mrs Stewart, in order to fulfil all her husband's kind wishes in showing attention to the young stranger, made him a friendly and considerate offer of a place in their pew at St John's, as they could easily accommodate him; and it was difficult for a stranger to find a seat.

His classes now commenced, which was a happy thing for him; but on the Monday evening there was a note from Mrs Stewart, informing him that an eminent literary character had come to town, and was to be one of a party at their house the following day, and giving him an invitation. Mr Collins went. The literary man was there, and was brilliant beyond everything; and while some of the company were listening to his sayings, even when he talked about a straw or the snuff of a candle, as if nothing so wonderful had ever been uttered before, or rather in surprise that a genius like him could talk upon the ordinary concerns of life, Frank had his attention riveted elsewhere. The beautiful, artless Louisa, shone like a celestial being among them, and he on that occasion was her only worshipper.

A drizzling rain fell, accompanied by an easterly wind, when he went home, and the change from the heated room to the open air had its effect upon him, and next morning he was confined with a severe cold. It was the day of Mrs Bosville's party. He could not go, and he sat up in bed and wrote an apology.

He got better in the course of the week, and he could not do less, when Saturday came, than call on Mrs Bosville, and express his regret in person for being absent from her party. Mrs Bosville was out, but her daughter was at home. She was seated on a couch with a volume of the *Divina Commedia* of Dante in her hand. Collins sat down by her, and she laid aside her book.

" You are fond of the poets," said Collins.

" Very fond," said Mary. " But it is dangerous to be too fond of them, or to imitate them. There is nothing so inimical to happiness as to allow the imagination to gain the ascendancy; and whenever I begin to form to myself an ideal world to live in, I throw them all aside, and restrict myself to my needle and the newspapers, and in the latter I sum up all the murders and accidents, deaths and bankruptcies, political dissensions, and hurricanes in the West, and slave insurrections, and I think to myself, here is no poetry but the realities we are doomed to experience, till I find myself becoming flat with these commonplace and matter-of-fact proceedings, and then I take another dip in imagery, till I get elevated again."

" And I suppose you are wishing to climb some of these aerial heights just now," said Mr Collins.

" Yes," said Mary; " I have been rather dull for some days, and I must get up my spirits again."

Men have an unfathomable depth of vanity about them. How Mary Bosville should have been dull for some days, was past Mr Collins's comprehension, and he half allowed himself to fancy that she had felt some disappointment at not seeing him.

Mr Collins sat with Mary till her mother came in, and a more calm, delightful, satisfactory hour he never spent in female society; and he made up his mind, as he went home, to cultivate her acquaintance as much as he could, and to be upon his guard against allowing his affections to be centred in Louisa Stewart. He wondered to himself which was the more worthy of his attachment; for when he coolly considered of it, he could not give the palm of superiority to the one over the other; but it is certain that Mary Bosville's image was in his mind the whole of that day and night, and till next day the brilliant eyes of Louisa welcomed him at church, and her sunny ringlets fell on the book they held between them.

When Collins had a leisure morning hour, it was generally spent at Mrs Bosville's, and his idle hours in the evening were passed at Mr Stewart's. But although life to him was passing in a whirl of pleasure, he was a miserable, unsatisfactory delight after all. He was acting the part of a dangler, and he had some qualms of conscience as to how the matter was to end. Was he in love with both the young ladies, or with only one of them, or with neither? These were ticklish questions, which he could not help putting to himself. What is this that I am doing? would he say in his ruminating moments. I cannot marry both, and yet I cannot decide on whom my choice ought to fall. Such was the infatuated indecision of Frank Collins. Perhaps he was wrong in imagining that he could have either for the asking; still his conduct was inexcusable in paying such attentions to both at the same time. He felt himself, as it were, under the influence of a spell. When he thought of Louisa Stewart, a wild dream of delight thrilled through him—and in a few hours he was to be again by her side; and he thought she seemed to live only

for him, and the illusion was aided by all the glare of life with which she was surrounded—all the accompaniments of wealth, rank, and beauty—together with the most flattering kindness and partiality shown to himself by her and her friends, which he could not withstand. But from these dazzling attractions he turned his thoughts to her unaccompanied by any external ornament—to the calm, steady, serenely beautiful Mary Bosville, with her neck of Parian marble, who, after all, had more of a woman's perfections than the other; and he rose and paced his chamber, and he accused himself for his folly in allowing his heart to be so bewildered. He only wished that he could see the two together, and then he thought he would be better able to give a preference; but that was impossible.

One Saturday, Frank, as usual, wandered down to Mary. She seemed thoughtful that day, and had not much to say. Frank observed it to her. The piano was open, and often as he had been in her company, he never had heard her play. The fact is, that it is only when the accomplishments are more charming than the individual, that one seeks to have recourse to them. So, in Miss Bosville's company, music, or singing, or any thing else, would have been but an ungrateful interruption to her conversation, or even to the pleasure of studying a countenance not less expressive in her moods of silence.

" Now, Miss Bosville," said Mr Collins, " I see this is not one of your poetical days; you have been studying the newspapers. Will you give me some music to cheer me as well as yourself?"

" Neither is it a musical day with me," said Mary; but at the same time she sat down to the instrument, and played a very beautiful Polonoise, with which is connected an affecting and romantic story. But she played it with little heart, and with little satisfaction to herself, and evidently with less to Francis. She rose from the piano, and gave him a smile, more inspiring than music, and she said to him, " I told you I was not musical to-day. My mind is wandering on something else than music, and I find I cannot fly two ways at once."

" Then tell me where your mind is wandering," said Francis, " and perhaps I may be able to assist you in your flight. I wish, Mary, that I could flee away and be at rest, for I have little rest here." And he sighed as he spoke, and a cloud passed over her fair brow, and her beautiful bosom heaved a deep sigh.

" I have been so busy this week," said she, " and so anxious to finish a task I imposed upon myself, that I have been little out of doors, and I think it affects the spirits when one is confined to the house." So in this manner Mary tried to give a good reason for her dulness and her sighing; she removed a newspaper which covered some drawing materials upon a table, and she showed Francis a finely executed miniature, on ivory, which she had just finished, of her mother.

" I wish such an artist would draw my unworthy visage," said Collins, as he gazed on the beautiful creature that was sitting beside him; " it would be a gratification beyond every other, to think that any one would bestow so long her thoughts upon me. Oh, Miss Bosville, I envy your mother, and I grudge her every thought you ever bestowed upon her! Will you take my likeness?"

" When will you come to sit for it?" said Mary, brightening up and smiling, while she drew out a little drawer in the work-table, and took out another miniature, almost finished, and presented it to him. It was one of himself. Mary started up, as if afraid that she had gone too far, and hurried out of the room.

Mr Collins put down the picture, and rose and paced about, and looked out at the window. What in the wide world was he to do? He felt himself entangled in a labyrinth he could never get out of. He was acting an unworthy part—he was tampering with the affections of two estimable persons, and he was working no happiness, but misery to himself. Miss Bosville, in a few moments, returned with a book in her hand, and asked him something regarding the meaning of a particular passage in it; but it was evidently merely something to vary the subject of conversation. Frank paid little attention to the nature of what she asked him, and gave her any thing but a satisfactory or sensible answer. Now was the moment for him to have explained his feelings of affection to this amiable young lady, on whom his attentions had evidently wrought the usual effect of a preparation for listening to a declaration of attachment. But indecision prevailed. The favourable opportunity was lost; and Mrs Bosville shortly entering the room, he took his leave with as little appearance of confusion as it was possible for him to assume.

In the evening—such was the strange complexity of his feelings—he was at Mrs Stewart's, listening to Louisa's syren songs; and he retired to rest in a state of mind more miserable than that of a criminal in his cell.

The term of Mr Collins's stay in town drew to a close, and he was not a whit more rational than at the outset. What affections or expectations he had awakened in the hearts of Mary Bosville and Louisa Stewart, we do not pretend to be able to describe. The day before his departure, he was invited to Mr Stewart's; and, except Louisa's married sisters, no company was there. Louisa had less vivacity than she used to have,

and as evening advanced, she became almost sorrowful; but it seemed in Frank's eyes to add a new grace to her charms, and it accorded well with his own mournful mood. He lingered till a late hour; and when he rose to bid them farewell, she burst into tears. Had Mr Collins had an opportunity at that moment of vowing eternal love, he would have done it; but that was impossible.

Next day, after arranging with respect to his journey and voyage to Ireland, he called to take leave of the Bosvilles. He sat with the two ladies for nearly an hour, and took some refreshment, or rather sat and looked at it, for he tasted nothing of what was set before him. Mrs Bosville, when he rose to depart, shed tears, and gave him her blessing. Mary was as calm and composed as ever she was in her life, and she did not even look dull. She and her mother walked with him through the garden to the gate; and as he bade them farewell, the old lady saluted him, and a second time wished him every blessing. And then he clasped the beautiful, the blushing, unresisting daughter to his bosom, and impressed upon her face and neck his glowing kisses—then sprang into the hackney-coach which was waiting for him outside the gate.

He had a prosperous voyage, and arrived once more in safety within his paternal walls. He soon after commenced as a practitioner in Belfast; and as people are always happiest when they have something to do, life passed away to him in tolerable quiet, as he became interested in his profession.

Two years elapsed, and all intercourse with his Edinburgh friends seemed to be at an end. On his arrival at home, he had written to Mr Stewart to thank him for all his hospitality and kindness, and this was answered by a hurried scrawl of a dozen or two of words from Mr Stewart, all kindness and good wishes, concluding with his wife and daughter's love to him. He wrote also on his arrival to Miss Bosville, thanking her and her mother for all their kindness, which he would never forget. But it was a letter that required no answer, and he received none; and he was unreasonable enough to feel chagrined and disappointed that she did not answer it.

Francis Collins applied himself more assiduously to business than there was any need for; but it was to drive away care, and to leave himself no time to think. His health, however, was evidently suffering, and his friends and medical advisers entrenced him to relax a little, and take some change of air. They recommended a sea-voyage, and advised him to go to France, or London, or any where that he had a mind. But Collins cared little about the preservation of his health, and still less did he care for London or France; and if he must go somewhere, he might as well go to Edinburgh, where all his happiness and misery were centred. In the beginning of October, he once more arrived in Prince's Street, by the Glasgow coach.

The following day was pretty far advanced when Dr Collins took a turn out in the fresh air. He had not proceeded far along the street when he met Mr Stewart, so kind, so happy, and so hearty, that he saw in a moment that all was prospering in his quarter. An invitation, which, like all Mr Stewart's invitations, precluded choice or refusal, was the result. He assured him there was to be no company; and by six o'clock Frank was in the presence, and enjoying the smiles, of Louisa Stewart, more beautiful, more bewitching than ever.

When he arrived, he was shown up to the drawing-room, where Louisa was alone, and he enjoyed her charming society for a happy hour, when a stranger was announced. A tall and remarkably handsome man came in. Frank was by no means pleased on seeing the easy manner with which the unknown conducted himself. It was, however, some gratification to observe that Louisa lost some of her sprightliness when he came in, as if caused by disappointment at the intrusion; and he thought she seemed as if she felt a weariness of his presence. Collins determined to sit him out; but the stranger seemed to have made the same resolution; so they both sat, till at length Collins saw it proper to go away.

At an early hour on the day after, a letter was brought to him by a messenger, requesting an answer to be sent. It was from Mr Stewart—a very kind, friendly, and, for him, a long letter. It was an invitation! To dinner? No; to Louisa's marriage on the Wednesday of the following week; and Mr Stewart, in his letter, enlarged on the good qualities of the intended bridegroom—a young gentleman newly succeeded to his father's estates in —shire, and no other than the elegant stranger that was announced in his presence the day before.

" Go to the marriage!" said Collins, as he threw down the letter; " I will as soon go to the gallows or the guillotine." And he set himself to write an apology, but he knew not what to say. He was above making any subterfuge. He could not say he was ill, or engaged, or going out of town; and still less could he say he was so disappointed and mortified that he would not come. He tossed aside his pen and paper—thought that if the apology were sent any time in the course of the day, it would be time enough—and putting on his hat, sallied out, and down the Bonnington road till he came to the gate of Mr Bosville's residence. He opened it, and entered the garden, and stood for a moment on the very spot where he had parted from Mary and her mother. He went up to the house and

rang the bell. Mrs Hill, a respectable and confidential servant of Mrs Bosville's, opened the door.

"How do you do, Mrs Hill?" said Frank, brightening up at the sight of her well-known face, "and how are your ladies?"

"Oh," said the woman, "Mrs Bosville is gone. She died six months ago." "And Miss Bosville?" gasped out Dr Collins. "She is away, sir," replied Mrs Hill. "It is a week yesterday since she went." "Went whither?" said Dr Collins impatiently. "She sailed for Barbadoes," answered Mrs Hill. "But you had better come in, sir, and I will tell you all about it," added she, as she thought he would have fainted at the threshold. He followed the woman in. She led the way into the back parlour, where he and Mary had so often sat together, and which looked out to the garden behind. The shutters were closed, the carpet was off, and the furniture all crowded together at one end of the room. Mrs Hill opened one of the windows, and dusted a sofa for him to sit down.

"I am only remaining here," said she, "till after the sale. The furniture is all to be sold off next week. It will be a sore day, sir, the day of the sale, to see the things that Mrs Bosville had such a respect for —."

"But what of Miss Bosville?" interrupted Dr Collins, gasping for breath.

"Oh, dear me, sir, did you no hear that she's gone to the West Indies?" "Gone to the West Indies! — no, I heard of nothing of the kind. When did she go?" "It's only a week yesterday, as I said, since they gae'd awa'. The marriage took place on the Tuesday, and they set off in a ship frae Leith for Barbadoes on the Wednesday." "They!" cried Frank, almost suffocated with emotion; "what they—what marriage?" "What marriage!" replied the old woman, "the marriage of Mary Bosville. Did you no hear tell o't? I'm sure it was in the papers at any rate. She's married to a grand man, a planter, that cam' over here on a visit, and was weel recommended; and the marriage wasna lang in being made up, for Mary, puir thing, hadna ony body to look to after the death o' her mother, and sae she's noo Mrs Osborne, and I have nae doubt but she'll lead a very happy life wi' her husband, for he's a kind gentlemanly man, and very fond o' her."

Frank groaned in agony. He did not require to hear more. He rose to depart, although his limbs had scarcely strength to bear him to the door. He returned slowly to the city, a being blighted, and distressed beyond a hope of cure. And what he felt most excruciating, was the consciousness of deserving what he experienced.

He lost no time in returning to the scene of his professional occupation, but with hopes of happiness entirely quenched. He is still alive, in the patient endurance of an existence which might have been to him one of happiness, if he had taken the right road. And he looks back with bitter remorse on his unpardonable fickleness and folly, which had probably been the cause of misery to others, as it was certainly to himself.*

TARDY, THE POISONER.

ACCORDING to the annals of courts of justice, it appears that two classes of offenders are brought to trial for their misdeeds, namely, those who commit crime from necessity or some unfortunate combination of circumstances, and those who are naturally or habitually so depraved in disposition, that no moral restraint has the power of preventing their commission of the most dreadful atrocities. To this latter class belonged Alexander Tardy, one of the most consummate villains whom the world ever produced, and whose career in crime may be read as a warning by those who have the power of suppressing vicious propensities in youth, while they are susceptible of modification.

Tardy was a native of St Domingo, and accompanied his father, who was of French extraction, to the United States, where he sought refuge after the revolution of that island. It does not appear that he received any thing like a good education, and it is mentioned that in youth he displayed an untamed restless disposition. He was put to a mercantile business in Philadelphia, but in this he ultimately failed, and went to serve as steward on board a vessel. From this employment he was discharged in 1813, under the dark suspicion of having poisoned the captain. He now went to Boston, and got a knowledge of the business of a dentist from a German practitioner. After

this he committed a number of thefts, and having fled, while on board a vessel bound for Charleston, he poisoned some of the passengers, and had the audacity to charge the crime on the cook, a black man, who was tried and executed, although protesting his innocence to the last. On his return to Philadelphia, he practised the same horrid crime, by infusing arsenic in the food of the passengers; but this time he did not altogether escape punishment, being seized and condemned to seven years' hard labour in one of the penitentiaries. From this state of confinement he was at length liberated, and for some years lived in the commission of almost every species of offence. He possessed the most unbounded confidence in his resources, and viewed mankind with the utmost contempt. He never hesitated for a moment to perpetrate a crime, even where there was a danger of being detected. In his creed, he seems to have proscribed the whole human race. Perjury, poison, and poniards, were his instruments, and he wielded all with equal dexterity; but his chief engine of destruction was poison, which he never scrupled to use, and that in the most dexterous manner. In personal appearance, Tardy was a plain neat man, of a dark complexion, and with a grave countenance, which, it is said, was never disturbed either by a smile or a laugh. He spoke several languages with fluency, which was an accomplishment that gave him only greater scope for the performance of his designs.

Finding that his character was too well known in the United States, he formed the plan of doing something in the way of slave-dealer or pirate in the West Indies, and with such a view made his appearance, in 1827, at Havanna, in the island of Cuba. Here, while in the course of maturing his plans, he pretended to practise as a dentist and physician, in order to lull suspicion as to his real character. After spending some time in Havanna, he settled upon a plan which, if executed with discretion and energy, promised, as he thought, to yield a rich reward for his ingenuity. This was nothing less than murdering the whole crew and passengers of a vessel, and then making the ship his own, with all its valuable cargo. Such a diabolical scheme, however, could not be executed without accomplices, and these he found in the persons of Felix, Pepe, and Courro, three Spaniards of loose character, who had been accustomed to scenes of dissipation and crime. The vessel which was pitched upon by this band of wretches was the American brig Crawford, commanded by Captain Brightman, at the time loading with molasses, coffee, and sugar, and about to sail for New York. This selection, it seems, was not without a sufficient reason. The Crawford was a new vessel, and a slight indisposition of the captain led Tardy to expect that he might, in his professional character of doctor, gain his confidence, which would greatly facilitate the execution of his scheme. The mode of operation was now arranged. It was agreed that Courro should go on board in the capacity of Tardy's servant, and that Felix and Pepe should go as cabin passengers, passing for merchants going to New York to buy a vessel to be employed in the African trade; and to render this story probable, a box was procured, filled with iron and lead, which was to be represented as containing seventeen thousand dollars in gold. In the meanwhile, by means of a discharged clerk of the custom-house, a set of false papers was procured, to exhibit after the vessel had been mastered.

After some delay in loading and taking on board a number of passengers, the good brig Crawford cleared out for sea on the 28th of May 1827. When it set sail, it was manned by the following crew — Edmund Dobson, mate; Joseph Dolliver, Aaa Bicknell, Oliver Potter, and Nathaniel Deane, seamen; and Stephen Gibbs, a coloured man who acted as cook. Besides Brightman, the captain, there were also on board, as passengers, Tardy, Felix, Pepe, and Courro; likewise, Ferdinand Ginoulhac, who was also a Spaniard, but not belonging to Tardy's band; an American, and an Irish carpenter, whose names were not known; and Mr Norman Robinson, who was part owner of the cargo — making altogether fifteen individuals. We shall now describe how the plot was gradually developed and brought to a crisis; and in doing so, use the affecting account afterwards given by Dobson, the mate, who, along with Ginoulhac, and Gibbs, the cook, alone survived to tell the horrid tale.

"The brig (says Dobson) proceeded on the voyage with variable winds, but with every prospect of making a fair passage. One morning, after the vessel had

been at sea for a few days, the wind being light, and the weather fair, I sat down to breakfast on deck with Tardy and the other cabin passengers. Captain Brightman was still indisposed, and confined to his berth. During breakfast, Tardy acted as master of the ceremonies, and helped me to bacon, fried eggs, and a bowl of chocolate — all which politeness, of course, excited no suspicion. Soon after breakfast, I descended to the cabin for the purpose of taking some repose, having been engaged all night on duty; but I had hardly lain down for a minute, when I was attacked with a violent headache, throbbing about the temples, and sickness of the stomach. Unable to make out the cause of this sudden illness, I sent for Tardy, who, having felt my pulse, and inquired into the symptoms of the disease, declared that there was bile on the stomach, and recommended an emetic. Mr Robinson having overheard this prescription, dissuaded me from taking any medicine whatever, and recommended repose. I therefore had my mattress removed to the open air on the deck, where I lay until eight o'clock in the evening, by which time the vomiting had ceased, and I felt a good deal relieved. During the day, I had a conversation with Mr Robinson, who communicated his fear that an attempt had been made by the Spaniards to poison them, as the whole crew seemed to be sick, and who proposed, that, to guard against any thing of this kind in future, their own cook should prepare food for the crew and other passengers, while Courro, who acted as the servant of Felix and Tardy, might act as cook for the Spaniards. Nothing, however, was settled upon definitely, and, as the vessel was going safely in her course, I lay down for the night, but with orders to be waked if the breeze should spring up.

I had slept, I think, about an hour and a half, when I was waked by dreadful shrieks proceeding from all parts of the vessel. Starting up with the apprehension that we were boarded by pirates, I ran forward to the forecastle, and there a horrid scene of slaughter met my sight. I learned that Courro was the first to wake, and perceiving that the time was come for action, he called up Tardy and the Spaniards. Tardy then cut the throat of Dolliver, and gave the signal, when the Spaniards set up dreadful cries, which roused every body; and as any one came up, either from the cabin or forecastle, he was immediately stabbed. The American carpenter was the first to make his way from the cabin, and was stabbed by Pepe; but the blow not proving mortal, a struggle ensued, which lasted for a short time, when he fell, and was dispatched by an axe. During the continuance of this struggle, Captain Brightman rushed on deck, and received a blow from Felix, which laid him prostrate. The Irish passenger met the same fate, and Robinson was supposed to have thrown himself from the cabin windows into the ocean, upon seeing the death of the Irishman. Courro was equally successful at the forecastle, and stabbed successively Potter, Gibbs, and Bicknell; Deane, who slept on deck, was not discovered in the darkness, and threw himself overboard without being wounded. When in the water, he entreated that a barrel, plank, or oar, or something, might be thrown out to support him, as he was ready to sink, and these entreaties were seconded by Mr Robinson, but all in vain; and they both doubtless soon sank to rise no more. [Gibbs, the black cook, who had been wounded, and Mr Ginoulhac, were spared; why the latter was not put to death, is not well explained in the evidence.]

In the meantime, being wounded, I had made the best of my way to the rigging, which had not escaped the notice of Tardy, who called out in a loud voice for me to descend, which I refused to do; but upon repeated assurances that if I came down my life would be spared, I at length ventured down upon the deck, and was immediately surrounded by Tardy and his companions. Tardy now began to question me about the box which Felix had brought aboard, and what had become of it. I replied that I had seen the box, and put it in the captain's state-room, but could not tell what had become of it, if it were no longer there. Tardy then explained that the Spaniards had applied to the captain for the box, and upon his refusal to give it up, they had resolved, instead of going to the United States to seek a precarious redress from the laws, to take the law into their own hands, and had accordingly killed the captain and taken possession of the vessel; that, as the deed was now done, it would be useless to go to the United States, and they had determined to sail for Europe;

* We have abridged and altered the above story from a volume recently published under the title of the "Edinburgh Literary Album." The alterations are such as we think improve the probability of the piece, and render it more acceptable as a moral lesson. We are glad to have an opportunity of recommending this modest production to public notice. It is the composition of a young lady in Edinburgh, possessing no ordinary ability, and who cannot but be successful as an authoress, provided she devotes herself to the illustration of life as it is, and not as it is idly depicted by the poets of a forgotten era.

and that, if I would assist them, they would not only save my life, but I should be well paid for my services when the cargo was disposed of.

Of course, this plausible story of Tardy was a mere fabrication, in order to excuse the murders and the seizure of the vessel; but as I was not in a condition to dispute the accuracy of the statement, I offered no objections to it, and consented to do that which was requested of me, whereupon I obtained permission to lie down on my mattress to take some repose. In the course of the morning, after the work of destruction had been completed, the Spaniards set up loud cries of exultation, and, intoxicated with their success, walked about the deck, which, as well as the sails and rigging, was every where dyed with blood, and they occasionally resorted to a bottle of liquor placed on the hencoop. They were not, however, so far gone as to neglect the clearing away of all traces of the murders. They washed the deck and rigging, and painted the sails to conceal the blood with which they were stained. During the day, all the papers belonging to the brig were torn up and thrown overboard, and all the chests and trunks which had belonged to the passengers and crew were ransacked for plunder. The American flag was also destroyed, and materials were produced for making a Spanish flag, which Mr Ginoulhac was required to put together.

Tardy, who was now in command, informed me that he intended to proceed to Hamburg, and that he was provided with papers for such a voyage; but that before sailing for Europe, he wished to put into some port to procure fresh provisions, and ship a crew, as the Spaniards were no sailors. At his request, I informed him how to steer for St Mary's. An effort was now made to reach this port, but contrary winds prevented a landing; and after cruising about for a couple of days, I proposed to carry the vessel either into Savannah or Charleston; Tardy, however, objected to these places, where he said he was known, and he did not care for being seen. It was finally resolved to go to Norfolk, and the course was accordingly shaped for the Capes of Virginia. Tardy proposed that they should anchor in the Chesapeake, and remain there while he went to Norfolk and procured hands and provisions. This I opposed, telling him that I was afraid of the Spaniards, who would probably take my life. He did all in his power to remove these fears, by saying, that if they attempted my life, he would sink both them and the vessel on his return. Circumstances fortunately occurred to prevent him from leaving the vessel, and my running any risk of being murdered. On arriving at the bay of Norfolk, pilot boats began, as is usual, to make their appearance, a matter which disconcerted him not a little. As one pilot after another came up and offered his services, Tardy declined their offers, declaring that the vessel was bound for Hamburg, and that he was well acquainted with the bay. I now pointed out the danger of his refusing to take a pilot, that the refusal might excite suspicion, especially as the name of the vessel was not on the stern, and these representations induced him to allow a pilot to come on board."

This was a fatal though an unavoidable step, and paved the way for the discovery of the piracy and murder. Having come to anchor by the guidance of the pilot at about a hundred yards from the shore, Tardy again mentioned his intention to go on shore to get hands and provisions, making strong promises to Dobson to reward him for his fidelity, and to bring him any thing he wanted from Norfolk. But Dobson had already formed a plan of escape from this band of wretches. He had the address to persuade Tardy to allow him to prepare the boat for his going ashore; and getting possession of an oar, while the Spaniards were aloft furling the sails, he at once sculled away from the vessel, and to the consternation of Tardy, got safely to land. On touching the shore, he made the best of his way to Fortress Monroe, and gave information to the officers of the character of the vessel, and the dreadful transactions of which it had been the scene. A boat was forthwith fitted out with an officer and men to visit the ship, and seize Tardy and his companions.

In the interim, the wretched Tardy foresaw the termination which was speedily to take place to his murderous career. He saw the vengeance of the law about to fall upon him, and he hastened to elude his fate. Proceeding to the cabin, and seating himself upon a box of dollars, the accumulation of his plunder, he put an end to his existence by cutting his throat. The Spaniards had not the same clear perception of the nature of their doom, and suffered themselves to be seized, and carried on shore to prison. The ship was now taken charge of by the official authorities; the remaining persons on board, namely, Mr Ginoulhac and the cook, being at the same time removed, and kept along with Dobson as witnesses on the trial of the Spanish sailors.

The trial took place before Chief-Justice Marshall, at Richmond, Virginia, on the 16th of July 1827, and the evidence of the guilt of the prisoners was so clear, that they were condemned to death, and were executed a month afterwards.

As soon as the tale of horror which we have narrated became generally known, a very considerable degree of interest was manifested with regard to the configuration of the head of the principal actor, Tardy; and his skull was therefore made the object of measurement and analysis, in order to see if it corresponded with the principles laid down by Phrenology. For the special results of these examinations, we must refer to the 5th volume of the Edinburgh Phrenological Journal; it is sufficient for us here to state that the skull of Tardy was found to be low in front, showing a deficiency of moral and intellectual faculties, and a large preponderance behind, proving a predominance of the destructive and grovelling propensities of our nature. Possibly these might have been modified by early culture, along with the inculcation of moral and religious sentiments; as it was, the whole career of the man offers one of the most striking instances in modern times, of a human being devoting himself, under every circumstance of life, to the destruction of his fellow-creatures.

PLEASURES OF A BAD DAY.

[We here make another quotation from "THE CABINET, a series of Essays Moral and Literary," of which we presented more than one specimen about three months ago. We have been much concerned to observe the continued obscurity of this delightful revival of the old Essayists. A reception so different from its merits can only be accounted for by circumstances apart from merit, and we would suggest the form and price of the book as perhaps the most obstructive. If the papers had been published in the successive numbers of some popular periodical, and finally reprinted in a pair of neat and cheap volumes, the refined taste, elegant pleasantness, and amiable morality, which characterise them in so eminent a degree, could not have failed to make an impression on the public mind. But, appearing in two volumes of unfashionable size, and, what is more important in these days, unfashionable price, they remain for the present "like metal in a mine." Could not this be yet remedied?]

The pleasure which we have in observing contrasts has long been noticed by those who examine into human nature, or address human feelings: nor is that pleasure ever so great as when we compare exterior, or past, or fictitious calamity, with present enjoyment felt by ourselves. This principle, it is well known, has been illustrated by Lucretius, in the prospect, from a safe retreat on shore, of ships toiling amidst the tempest. Virgil has told us that it is pleasant to remember past misfortunes. Our own poets, Thomson and Cowper, remark the sense of comfort which we feel in a snug warm dwelling, when contrasted with the wintry blast howling around its roof. And Armstrong has thus happily expressed the same sentiment:—

O when the growling winds contend, and all
The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm,
To sink in warm repose, and hear the din
Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights
Above the luxury of vulgar sleep.

These authors have their praise:—But the palm of original discovery was reserved for the keeper of the Cabinet, in unfolding to his admiring readers the PLEASURES OF A BAD DAY.

When I awaken in the morning, and hear the wind roaring in the chimney top, and the rain pelting in gusts against my window—"This is well," say I, congratulating myself on the prospect of a bad day. I then creep out of bed to the window; and, gazing forth, behold the heavens surcharged with heavy clouds, the drops pouring down from the eaves, and the streets shining with moisture. "Better and better," I add; "it is fairly set in." I desirous one or two workers hurrying betimes to their daily labour, with coats buttoned, heads held down, and hands in their pockets. "Poor souls!" say I, sneaking back into bed; "it is not, however, quite so well for them." And while I gently sink into another slumber, endeavour to feel as much compassion for them as I can.

After breakfast, I again look forth, and see an unbroken curtain shroud the welkin from side to side, the drops dancing in the gutters, and the deluge driving aslant before the blast. Here a lubbard scavenger sweeps out the overflowing kennels: there a damsel, sorely bedraggled, picks her steps through a wilderness of mud: at an adjoining corner a hapless gentleman is engaged in conflict with his umbrella, which buffets him to and fro, reversing the concave into the convex; or, perchance, taking an upward flight, leaves its gazing owner with the stick in his hand. Satisfied with this contemplation of the evils of humanity, I repair to my study, stir my fire into a rousing blaze, glance my eye with conscious pleasure round my library, draw in my elbow-chair, and, throwing myself back, with outstretched limbs, set about determining how I am to pass the day.

Sometimes I plunge into the sweet maze of poesy. In a moment I find myself amid sunshine, and summer breezes, and quiet waters, and all the voluptuous serenity of a southern climate; and enjoy this with double relish when I contemplate the sad and sultry atmosphere without. Sometimes I turn the historic page, and read the lessons of that stern philosophy which teaches by examples. I explore the

crooked toils of policy—I listen to the debates of councils—I pursue the route of arms—I mingle in mighty battles—I attend the fugitive, the captive, the dying. I trace the rise and fall of individuals, and of nations. I mark the incessant struggles and agitations of men, their keen pursuits, their furious rivalries, their remorseless ambition, and ask myself what availeth all this now? I contrast this stir with my own tranquil seclusion, and comfort myself with thinking, that if my ease be insignificant, it is at least harmless and safe. Sometimes I follow the wanderer by land or sea, into strange countries, among savage people. I see nature under aspects different from what I ever saw; and men varying from each other as much as the regions they inhabit. I faint under burning suns, or shiver amidst polar ice. I share the traveller's perils and escapes, his adventures and discoveries. I sympathise in the rude repulses which he meets with—the seasonable relief—the unexpected kindness. And I readily bestow on him, like the amiable Cowper, my thanks and praise, that, with so much toil to himself, he has spread a feast for my repose. Sometimes I pierce into the thorny thicket of metaphysics; pushing aside the boughs, and catching by the twigs, and leaping the ditches, and wading through the quagmires, with closed eyes, and indefatigable arms, till, after long warfare, I find myself just where I set out, with little other benefit than the sharpened activity acquired in the conflict. Sometimes I take upon myself the task of active labour, and (as at this present writing) cull from the gathered stores of my CABINET, for the benefit of my readers and posterity.

It were inexcusable to omit the peculiar delight of sitting down to a good novel on a bad day. The interesting story, the glowing descriptions, the amusing characters, are all enhanced by the storm without, the snugness within, and the unbroken leisure for enjoyment. The poet Gray declares his idea of an epicurean paradise to be fulfilled in lounging on a sofa, and reading perpetual new romances of Mariavaux or Crebillon. A fertile and mighty genius of our own day has put it in our power actually to realise this Elysium.

Nor am I the only member of the household who profits by the advent of a bad day. On such an occasion, you may discern, in my worthy sister's countenance during breakfast, a resolved and serious look, which indicates a soul intent on high designs. This is an opportunity destined by her for dispatch of business, and a thorough inspection and reform of the household, from the garret to the cellar. From this scrutiny, the only spot exempted is my study, which I reserve as a sort of *city of refuge*, amidst the general storm of ablation that descends on the rest of the domicile. To attain this object, however, orders or injunctions would be a slight protection against the active housewifery of my sister and her handmaids; so, to keep all safe, I man the fortress myself, and make a vigorous resistance against all intrusion. The rest of the house is abandoned to the invaders. The affusion from mops and pails within, almost emulates the deluge without. Floors and tables are vexed with scrubbing. Beds are taken down, and carpets folded up. No nook or cranny escapes the searching inquisition. Lurking decays are detected, and ancient impurities cleared out. Domestic utensils are considered. Some are found to be worn out, others broken; and orders for amendment are issued accordingly. Garments are scanned with a curious eye, and if hole appear in stocking, or small-clothes gape with hideous rent, or loosened button be *wagging its sweet head*, straitway the helping-hand is applied. If, in the domestic manufacture of luscious condiments—marmalade or jelly—sought hath misgivings, now is the time for a thorough refection. If liquor is to bottle, this is a season free from interruption. Lumber is removed, stores unpacked, letters answered, servants scolded, accounts examined, household-books posted up; in short, a thousand weighty matters, essential to the conduct of a well-ordered family, are dispatched under favour of a bad day.

My little nephew, from such an event, derives less apparent benefit than the rest of the family. To an active and healthy boy, nothing can compensate the want of corporal locomotion. Various devices are fallen upon to keep him quiet, by assigning new tasks, and rehearsing old ones; but after these are exhausted, the instinct breaks out in a restlessness and meddling, which my sister pronounces to be nearly akin to mischief. In vain do I represent this activity as flowing from the wise order of nature, and the source of all knowledge. "A fig for your knowledge and nonsense," answers Judith, "the little *snatchett* has broke my Nankin jar." She therefore endeavours to divert this noxious propensity, by setting him to work at some wheel of the domestic machinery. And, indeed, this labour of keeping him out of mischief (as my sister terms it) adds no inconsiderable item to her occupations on a bad day.

To all this it may be objected, that the pleasures I am describing are of a selfish nature, and that no one should derive satisfaction from the evils of his fellow-creatures. This, however, I consider as refining too much. The sentiment to which I have alluded is perhaps rather allied to benevolence than opposed to it. At least I can say for myself, that when I look forth on such a day, and see the less favoured of my species submitting with contentment, and even cheerfulness, to hardships under which I should heavily

murmur, I feel nothing but sympathy for their condition; and ask myself what merit I possess that should entitle me to so much ampler a share of the good things of life. This is a reflection which leads to moderation in ourselves, and to kindness and benevolence towards them. It is one which should as seldom as possible be forgotten by the rich, or remembered by the poor.

FATAL EFFECTS OF OVER-STUDY IN EARLY YOUTH.

[Being Extract Third from Dr Brigham's Work.]

[In this part of his work, Dr Brigham appears to us to have been tempted, by his keen sense of the dangers of the over-cultivating system, to throw some undeserved ridicule upon what is called the intellectual mode of instruction, and to assign too late a date in the age of children for their commencing school tasks. We are inclined to dread the result of allowing a child to run wild till seven. The infant school system, which properly is only a systematic *means*, of gratifying childish curiosity with natural knowledge, and at once giving healthful exercise to their bodies and a judicious training to their dispositions, is in no respect unmindful by all that the learned doctor has said. Though thus challenging some parts of the chapter, we deem so favourably of its general scope, that we willingly commit it, unmitigated, to the judgment of our readers.]

TEACHERS of youth, in general, appear to think that in exciting the mind, they are exercising something totally independent of the body—some mysterious entity, whose operations do not require any corporeal assistance. They endeavour to accelerate to the utmost the movements of an extremely delicate machine, while most unfortunately they are totally ignorant or regardless of its dependence on the body. They know that its action and power may both be increased for a while, by the application of a certain force; and when the action becomes deranged, and the power destroyed, they know not what is the difficulty, nor how it can be remedied. Fortunately they do not attempt to remedy it themselves, but call in the physician, who, if he affords any relief at all, does it by operating on a material organ. If medical men entertained the same views as teachers, they would, in attempting to restore a deranged mind, entirely overlook the agency of the body, and instead of using means calculated to effect a change of action in the brain, would rely solely upon arguments and appeals to the understanding. For if the mind may be cultivated independently of the body, why may not its disorders be removed without reference to the body?

Instructors of youth, and authors of books for children, would do well to acquaint themselves with human anatomy and physiology, before they undertake to cultivate and discipline the mind. The neglect of these sciences on their part is a most lamentable evil. If they had been understood, I am confident that innumerable books for children, which have been highly recommended and esteemed very useful, would never have been published; books which, instead of being blessings to the community, have, I fear, done incalculable injury. Few things, I think, will be more surprising to future generations than the fact, that those whose business it is in this enlightened age to cultivate the human mind, were ignorant of the organ by which the mind acts, and of course were inattentive to the condition of that organ. It will appear strange hereafter that many, through the medium of books, ventured to dictate the manner in which the mind should be disciplined and tasked; and when it became disordered, acknowledged its dependence on an organisation of which they were ignorant, and expected to have it restored by those who, in all attempts to remedy it, act upon the bodily organisation. Should teachers of youth venture thus, like Phaeton, to guide the chariot of the sun, while ignorant of the power they endeavour to superintend, and of the means of controlling its irregular action?

As reference has just been made to books for children, it seems a fitting opportunity to enlarge a little upon this topic. They are then *excessively abundant*. Some are announced as purposely prepared "for children from two to three years old." Where is the proof that they have ever benefited a single child? Do the youth now, of the age of fifteen, who have used such books most of their lives, who committed to memory innumerable truths, and were taught to reason when at the age of three or four, possess more active and independent minds than their parents possessed at the same age? Does their mental power now show the *good effect* of their early and extraordinary culture? Do not the numerous slender, delicate, and pale-faced youths who are seen in our colleges, and in boarding-schools for girls, exhibit the *bad effects* of this system? I ask again, where is *any evidence* that books, put into the hands of children before the age of seven or eight, are of any lasting benefit, either to the body or the mind? I have shown that they may do immense injury.

But apart from the injury which such books produce, by too early exciting the mind and feelings of children, many of them are very objectionable, on account of the nonsense and falsehood which they contain. Some contain much that is questionable as to its truth, much that infants had better not know, and much that is far above their comprehension. Some contain garbled accounts from Scripture, of the creation of man, and his apostacy, and other religious truths which no child can understand, or profit by, if

he could understand them; the full account given in the Bible is far better. Other books for infants contain "lessons in geometry, botany, astronomy," &c.

The method of teaching little children varies in different schools; but that is everywhere considered the *best* which forces the infant mind the *fastest*. In some schools, the *memory* is chiefly cultivated, and children are taught innumerable facts. Here we see those who are scarcely able to talk, exhibited as wonderful children. They are declared to be deserving of the highest praise, and prophesied about as giving promise of great distinction in future, because they are able to tell us who was the oldest man, and many other equally useful and important facts. They are also able to tell us many truths in astronomy, geometry, chemistry, &c. &c., of which the innocent beings know about as much as do parrots of the jargon they deliver. In other schools, teachers are opposed to such practice, and say that a child should learn nothing but what he understands; that the memory should not alone be cultivated; therefore they teach children that Methuselah was not only the oldest man, and nine hundred and sixty-nine years of age, but that he was the son of Enoch, and the grandfather of Noah, and that a year means three hundred and sixty-five days, and a day twenty-four hours; and all this they teach, in order, as they say, that a child may *fully understand* what he learns. Other teachers say that it is very wrong to *compel* a child to learn—very wrong indeed; and that he should learn no more than he will cheerfully: but though they do not gain their purpose by exciting *fear*, they awaken other passions of the strongest kind in the child, by a system of *rewards* and of *praise*. Now, of all these methods, if there is any preference, it should be given to the first; for that is the least objectionable which has the least tendency to develop the mind, and awaken the passions prematurely. They must all, however, be wrong, if they call into action an organ which is but partially formed; for they do not conform to the requirements of the laws of nature, and wait for organs to be developed, before they are tasked.

I beseech parents, therefore, to pause before they attempt to make prodigies of their own children. Though they may not destroy them by the measures they adopt to effect this purpose, yet they will surely enfeeble their bodies, and greatly dispose them to nervous affections. Early mental excitement will serve only to bring forth beautiful, but premature flowers, which are destined soon to wither away, without producing fruit.

Let parents not lament, because their children do not exhibit uncommon powers of mind in early life, or because, compared with some other children, they are deficient in knowledge derived from books. Let them rather rejoice if their children reach the age of six or seven, with well-formed bodies, good health, and no vicious tendencies, though they be at the same time ignorant of every letter of the alphabet. If they are in this condition, it is not to be inferred that their minds are inferior to those of children who have been constantly instructed. It is a great mistake to suppose that children acquire no knowledge while engaged in voluntary play and amusements.

They thus do acquire knowledge as important as is ever acquired at school, and acquire it with equal rapidity. Many think that the child who has spent the day in constructing his little dam, and his mill, in the brook, or the stream that runs in the gutter; or in rearing his house of clods or of snow, or in making himself a sled or cart, has been but idle, and deserves censure for a waste of his time, and a failure to learn any thing. But this is a great error of judgment; for while he has thus followed the dictates of nature, both his mind and body have been active, and thereby improved. To him any thing which he sees and hears and feels is new, and nature teaches him to examine the causes of his various sensations, and of the phenomena which he witnesses. For him the Book of Nature is the *best book*; and if he is permitted to go forth among the wonders of creation, he will gather instruction by the eye, the ear, and by all his senses.

He is for a while just as ignorant that stones are hard, that snow will melt, that ice is cold, that a fall from the tree will hurt him, and a thousand other common facts, as he is of the "diameter of the sun," or the "pericarpium of flowers," or of many other similar things, which some think important for infants to know. If his time is constantly occupied in learning the last, he will grow up ignorant of many common truths, and fail in the best of all learning, *common sense*.

The child, when left to himself, manifests a true philosophical spirit of inquiry. The story related of the celebrated Schiller, who, when a boy, was found in a tree, during a thunder storm, trying to find where the thunder and the lightning came from, is an instance of the natural tendency of every child to self-education. This tendency it is highly important to encourage, for it involves the cultivation of that spirit of inquiry, "which is far more valuable than limited acquirements in knowledge; a spirit which teaches us to distinguish what is just in itself, from what is merely accredited by illustrious names; to adopt a truth which no one has sanctioned, and to reject an error of which all approve, with the same calmness as if no judgment was opposed to our own." But this spirit will never be acquired, when the child is taught from his infancy to depend upon others for all he knows, to learn all

he does learn as a task, and not from the desire of ascertaining the truth and gratifying his curiosity.

Let not the parent, therefore, regret that his child has passed his early hours out of school; for in all probability the knowledge he has gained while running and exercising in the open air at play, is more valuable than any he would have gained at school. At all events, he has gained what is far, very far more valuable than any mental acquirements which a child may make, viz. a sound body, well-developed organs, senses that have all been perfected by exercise, and stamina which will enable him in future life to study or labour with energy and without injury.

The remarks which I have made relative to the danger of too early exerting and developing the minds of children, are not made without some knowledge of the education of children in various parts of our country.

That children do have their mental powers prematurely tasked, is a fact which I know from personal observation. I have seen a course like the following pursued in many families in various parts of the country, and I know that this course is approved of by many excellent persons. Children of both sexes are required, or induced, to commit to memory many verses, texts of Scripture, stories, &c. &c., before they are three years of age. They commence attending school, for six hours each day, before the age of four, and often before the age of three; where they are instructed during three years in reading, geography, astronomy, history, arithmetic, geometry, chemistry, botany, natural history, &c. &c. They also commit to memory, while at school, many hymns, portions of the Scriptures, catechisms, &c. During the same period, they attend every Sunday a Sabbath school, and there recite long lessons; some are required to attend upon divine service at the church twice each Sunday, and to give some account of the sermon. In addition to these labours, many children have numerous books, journals, or magazines to read, which are designed for youth. I have known some required to give strict attention to the chapter read in the family in the morning, and to give an account of it; and have been astonished and alarmed at the wonderful power of memory exhibited on such occasions by children when but five or six years of age. I have known other children, in addition to most of the above performances, induced to learn additional hymns, chapters of Scripture, or to read certain books, by the promise of presents from their parents or friends.

The injurious and sometimes fatal effects of such treatment have been already mentioned. But I can forbear again to state, that I have myself seen many children who were supposed to possess almost miraculous mental powers, experiencing these effects, and sinking under them. Some of them died early, when but six or eight years of age, but manifested to the last a maturity of understanding which only increased the agony of a separation. Their minds, like some of the fairest flowers, were "no sooner blown than blasted." Others have grown up to manhood, but with feeble bodies and a disordered nervous system, which subjected them to hypochondriasis, dyspepsia, and all the Protean forms of nervous disease. Their minds, in some cases, remained active, but their earthly tenements were frail indeed. Others of the class of early prodigies, and I believe the most numerous portion, exhibit in manhood but small mental powers, and are the mere passive instruments of those who in early life were accounted far their inferiors. Of this fact I am assured, not only by the authority of books, and my own observation, but by the testimony of several celebrated teachers of youth.

The history of the most distinguished men will, I believe, lead us to the conclusion, that early mental culture is not necessary in order to produce the highest powers of mind. There is scarcely an instance of a great man, one who has *accomplished* great results, and has obtained the gratitude of mankind, who in early life received an education in reference to the wonderful labours which he afterwards performed. The greatest philosophers, warriors, and poets, those men who have stamped their own characters upon the age in which they lived, or who, as Cousin says, have been the "true representatives of the spirit and ideas of their time," have received no better education, when young, than their associates who were never known beyond their own neighbourhood. In general their education was but small in early life. *Self-education*, in after life, made them great, so far as education had any effect. For their elevation they were indebted to no early *hothouse culture*, but, like the towering oak, they grew up amid the storm and the tempest raging around. Parents, nurses, and early acquaintances, to be sure, relate many anecdotes of the childhood of distinguished men, and they are published and credited. But when the truth is known, it is ascertained that many, like Sir Isaac Newton, who, according to his own statement, was "inattentive to study, and ranked very low in the school until the age of twelve; or, like Napoleon, who is described by those who knew him intimately when a child, as 'having good health, and in other respects was like other boys,'" do not owe their greatness to any early mental application or discipline. On the contrary, it

* Memoir of the Duchess of Abrantes. This lady says, "My uncles have a thousand times assured me that Napoleon in his boyhood had none of that singularity of character attributed to him."

often appears that those who are kept from school by ill health or some other cause in early life, and left to follow their own inclination as respects study, manifest in after life powers of mind which make them the admiration of the world.*

SOCIETY IN GLASGOW AT VARIOUS PERIODS.

The following interesting scraps relative to the rise and progress of society in Glasgow, are from the New Statistical Account of Scotland, now in course of publication.—

From 1500 to 1550.—Prior to this time the inhabitants of this city and neighbourhood were governed by churchmen, who kept them in such a state of ignorance and superstition as was truly deplorable.

From 1550 to 1600.—During this period the Reformation took place. The great body of the people, however, still retained their fierce and sanguinary disposition. This is strikingly marked in their being constantly armed. Even their ministers were accustomed in the pulpit. The number of murders and other criminal acts which were turned over to the censures of the church, but too plainly point out the depraved character of the people.

From 1600 to 1650.—The distinguishing character of the people during this division of time is marked by certain malignity of disposition. Their belief in and treatment of witches, second sight, &c. afford strong symptoms of superstition grounded on ignorance; and the profanation of the Sabbath, by working and rioting on that day, displays gross profanity.

From 1650 to 1700.—During the beginning of this period and the end of the former, the people, who had become more civilised, and paid more attention to moral and religious duties, were dreadfully harassed and persecuted. The abdication of James II., and with him the exclusion of the Stuart family, brought about the happy Revolution, which put an end to the religious troubles. The union with England, which took place soon after this period, opened up a spirit for trade hitherto unknown in this city, and the increase of population became truly astonishing.

At the commencement of the eighteenth century, and during the greater part of the first half of it, the habits and style of living of the citizens of Glasgow were of a moderate and frugal cast. The dwelling-houses of the highest class of citizens in general contained only one public room, a dining-room, and even that was used only when they had company—the family at other times usually eating in a bedroom. The great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers of many of the present luxurious aristocracy of Glasgow, and who were themselves descendants of a preceding line of burgher patricians, lived in this simple manner. They had occasionally their relations dining with them, and gave them a few plain dishes, put on the table at once, holding in derision the attention, which, they said, their neighbours the English bestowed on what they ate. After dinner the husband went to his place of business, and, in the evening, to a club in a public-house, where, with little expense, he enjoyed himself till nine o'clock, at which hour the party uniformly broke up, and the husbands went home to their families.

The wife gave tea at home in her own bedroom, receiving there the visits of her ‘cummers’ (female acquaintances), and a great deal of intercourse of this kind was kept up, the gentlemen seldom making their appearance at these parties. This meal was termed the ‘four hours.’ Families occasionally supped with one another, and the form of the invitation, and which was used to a late period, will give some idea of the unpretending nature of these repasts. The party asked was invited to eat an egg with the entertainer, and when it was wished to say that such a one was not of their society, the expression used was, that he had never cracked a hen’s egg in their house. This race of burghers living in this manner had, from time to time, connected themselves with the first families in the country. The people were in general religious, and particularly strict in their observance of the Sabbath—some of them, indeed, to an extent that was considered by others to be extravagant. There were families who did not sweep or dust the house, did not make the beds, or allow any food to be cooked or dressed on Sunday. There were some who opened only as much of the shutters of their windows as would serve to enable the inmates to move up and down, or an individual to sit at the opening to read.

Influenced by this regard for the Sabbath, the magistrates employed persons termed ‘compurgators,’ to perambulate the city on the Saturday nights; and when, at the approach of twelve o’clock, these inquisitors happened to hear any noisy conviviality going on, even in a private dwelling-house, they entered it,

and dismissed the company. Another office of these compurgators was to perambulate the streets and public walks, during the time of divine service on Sunday, and to order every person they met abroad, not on necessary duty, to go home, and if they refused to obey, to take them into custody.

The employment of these compurgators was continued till about the middle of the century, when, taking Mr Peter Blackburn (father of Mr Blackburn of Killearn) into custody for walking on Sunday in the Green, he prosecuted the magistrates for an unwarranted exercise of authority, and prevailing in his suit in the Court of Session, the attempt to compel this observance was abandoned.

The wealth introduced into the community after the union, opening the British colonies to the Scotch, gradually led to a change of the habits and style of living of the citizens. About the year 1735, several individuals built houses, to be occupied solely by themselves, in place of dwelling on a floor entering from a common stair, as they hitherto had done. This change, however, proceeded very slowly, and up to the year 1755 to 1760, very few of these single houses had been built—the greater part of the most wealthy inhabitants continuing to a much later period to occupy floors, in very many cases containing only one private room.

After the year 1740, the intercourse of society was by evening parties, never exceeding twelve or fourteen persons, invited to tea and supper. They met at four, and after tea played cards till nine, when they supped. These games were whist and quadrille. The gentlemen attended these parties, and did not go away with the ladies after supper, but continued to sit with the landlord, drinking punch to a very late hour. The gentlemen frequently had dinner parties in their own houses, but it was not till a much later period that the great business of visiting was attempted to be carried on by dinner parties. The guests at these earlier dinner parties were generally asked by the entertainer, upon ‘Change, from which they accompanied him, at same time sending a message to their own houses, that they were not to dine at home. The late Mr Cunningham of Lainshaw, meeting the Earl of Glencairn at the Cross, in this way, asked him to take *pot-luck* with him, and having sent immediate notice to his wife of the guest invited, entertained him with a most ample dinner. Some conversation taking place about the difference between dinners in Glasgow and Edinburgh, Lord Glencairn observed, that the only difference he knew of was, that in Glasgow the dinner was at sight, while in Edinburgh it was at fourteen days’ date. These dinner parties usually terminated with hard drinking, and gentlemen, in a state of intoxication, were in consequence to be met with at most evening parties, and in all public places. The dinner hour about the year 1770 was two o’clock: immediately after that, it came to three o’clock, and gradually became later and later, till about 1818 it reached six o’clock.

Up to the middle of the century, commercial concerns, whether for manufacturers or foreign trades, were in general carried on by what might be termed joint stock companies of credit: six or eight responsible individuals having formed themselves into a company, advanced each into the concern a few hundred pounds, and borrowed on the personal bonds of the company whatever farther capital was required for the undertaking. It was not till commercial capital, at a later period, had grown up in the country, that individuals, or even companies trading extensively on their own capital, were to be found.

The first adventure which went from Glasgow to Virginia, after the trade had been opened to the Scotch by the union, was sent out under the sole charge of the captain of the vessel, acting also as supercargo. This person, although a shrewd man, knew nothing of accounts; and when he was asked by his employers, on his return, for a statement of how the adventure had turned out, told them he could give them none, but there were its proceeds, and threw down upon the table a large ‘hoggar’ (stocking) stuffed to the top with coin. The adventure had been a profitable one; and the company conceived that if an uneducated, untrained person had been so successful, their gains would have been still greater had a person versed in accounts been sent out with it. Under this impression, they immediately dispatched a second adventure, with a supercargo, highly recommended for a knowledge of accounts, who produced to them on his return a beautifully made out statement of his transactions, but no ‘hoggar.’

The Virginia trade continued for a considerable time to be carried on by companies formed as has been described; one of the partners acted as manager, the others did not interfere. The transactions consisted in purchasing goods for the shipments made twice a-year, and making sales of the tobacco which they received in return. The goods were bought upon twelve months’ credit, and when a shipment came to be paid off, the manager sent notice to the different furnishers, to meet him on such a day, at such a wine-shop, with their accounts discharged. They then received the payment of their accounts, and along with it a glass of wine each, for which they paid. This curious mode of paying off these shipments was contrived with a view to furnish aid to some well-born young woman whose parents had fallen into bad circumstances, and whom it was customary to place in one of those shops, in the same way, that, at an after

period, such a person would have been put into a milliner’s shop. These wine-shops were opposite to the Tontine Exchange, and no business was transacted but in one of them.

Prior to the breaking out of the American war, the “Virginians,” who were looked up to as the Glasgow aristocracy, had a privileged walk at the Cross, which they trod in long scarlet cloaks and bushy wigs; and such was the state of society, that, when any of the most respectable master tradesmen of the city had occasion to speak to a tobacco lord, he required to walk on the other side of the street till he was fortunate enough to meet his eye, for it would have been presumption to have made up to him. Such was the practice of the Cunninghams, the Spiers, the Glassfords, the Dunmores, and others; and from this servility, the Langs, the Ferries, the Claytons, and others who were at the head of their professions, and had done much to improve the mechanical trade of the city, were not exempt. About this period, profane swearing among the higher classes of citizens was considered a gentlemanly qualification; and dissipation at entertainments was dignified with the appellation of hospitality and friendship; and he who did not send his guests from his house in a state of intoxication was considered unfit to entertain genteel company. Latterly, the rising generation of the middle class, better educated than their fathers, engaged extensively in trade and commerce; and by honourable dealing and correct conduct, procured a name and a place in society which had been hitherto reserved for the higher grades. Since the opening of the public coffee-room in 1781, the absurd distinction of rank in a manufacturing town has disappeared. Wealth is not now the criterion of respect; for persons even in the inferior walks of life, who conduct themselves with propriety, have a higher place assigned them in society than at any former period of the history of the city.

Families, as has been already said, who were formerly content to live in the flat of a house in the Old, have now princely self-contained houses in the New Town. Entertainments are now given more frequently, and the mode of giving them is materially changed. Persons who formerly gave supper parties and a bowl of punch, are now in the way of giving sumptuous dinners, entertaining with the choicest wines, and finishing with cold punch, for which Glasgow is so celebrated. The value of the table-service, and the style of furniture in the houses of many of the Glasgow merchants, are inferior to none in the land. In drinking there is a mighty improvement: formerly, the guests had to drink in quantity and quality as presented by their hosts; now every person drinks what he pleases, and how he pleases—after which he retires to the drawing-room, and drunkenness and dissipation at dinner parties are happily unknown.

ABSTRACT OF A LECTURE ON STEAM-CARRIAGES,

DELIVERED BY DR LARDNER, AT THE MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION IN DUBLIN, AUG. 1835.

The learned doctor commenced by speaking generally of the properties of steam; a solid inch of water, on being converted into the invisible power called steam (for the vapour which we see is not the steam, but smoke), raises a weight of 15 pounds 150 feet, or 150 times 15 pounds one foot; and hence we might obtain as a simple formula, easy to be remembered, that a solid inch of water in evaporation raises a ton one foot; and it possesses the same power in the re-conversion; so that, by this principle, we have a double mechanical agency—first, in the conversion of water into steam, and secondly, in the re-conversion of steam into water: in the common steam-engines both these agencies are employed. There was a cylinder, into which a plug exactly fitted; the steam being admitted above, drove this plug down, and the steam having thus performed its office, was changed again into cold water, while the application of steam below drove back the plug: to the plug thus driven up and down is attached a rod communicating with a vibrating beam, which sets in motion an arm, to which is attached a wheel, the motion of which may be applied to any purpose. The most difficult point was the re-conversion of the steam into water. This was effected by mixing the steam with cold water; for this, therefore, a constant supply of cold water was requisite, which prevented the employment of this principle in the locomotive engines. These engines, therefore, altogether depended upon the first power, that produced by the conversion of water into steam, and the steam, instead of being re-converted into water, was permitted to escape. In the mode of its escape a most important improvement had been effected; and here was another instance of that humiliating truth, that many of the most important discoveries have been accidental. The steam, when suffered to escape at random, proved annoying to those in its immediate neighbourhood; and it was accordingly found convenient to convey it through the chimney. Here, however, it was found to serve a most important purpose. In passing into the flue, it created a most powerful blast; and the current of air thus drawn up through the flue acted as a bellows—infinitely more powerful than any that could be contrived, and with this additional advantage, that the blast was powerful or weak as circumstances required. When the steam was strong, the blast was increased in

* Shakespeare, Moliers, Gibbon, T. Scott, Niebuhr, W. Scott, Byron, Franklin, Rittenhouse, R. Sherman, Professor Lee, Gifford, Herder, Davy, Adam Clarke, &c. The last-named person was a very unpromising child, and learned but little before he was eight or ten years old. But at this age he was “uncommonly hardy,” and possessed bodily strength superior to most children. He was considered a “grievous dunce,” and was seldom praised by his father but for his ability to roll large stones; an ability, however, which I conceive a parent should be prouder to have his son possess, previous to the age of seven or eight, than that which would enable him to recite all that is contained in all the manuals for infants that have ever been published.

intensity, and the combustion of the fuel more intense. The speed of a locomotive engine depends altogether on the quickness with which steam can be supplied, and the generation of the steam on the heat. Heat acts in two ways; it acts first by radiation, just as the lamps communicate their light; the particles of heat are radiated against the sides of the boiler, and so the water becomes hot; but, besides, the air which is employed in sustaining combustion escapes at an intense temperature. If this air were, therefore, allowed to pass away without any diminution of its temperature, it would be a waste of fuel; it is therefore contrived, by making it pass through intricate passages, that it shall not pass away without being reduced to the temperature of the water, and, according to the laws of equilibrium of heat, it could not be reduced below this without cooling the water. Here, then, was the difficulty—so to regulate its escape that it might just be reduced to the proper temperature—and it was interesting to observe the struggles of invention to attain this object. Two or three expedients had been employed. The first plan he would endeavour to explain. (Here he referred to a diagram placed in a conspicuous position upon the wall.) Round about the fireplace there was a hollow shell filled with water; against the sides of this the heat radiates, and, the steam bubbles being generated, the steam is conveyed into the chamber prepared for its reception—the air, however, employed in combustion is not permitted to escape at once—round vessel filled with water is placed between the fire and the chimney—through this vessel run a hundred tubes open at both ends—and these are so contrived in their diameters and arrangements that the heated air which rushes through them is reduced, by the time it reaches the chimney, to the temperature of the water; by this all waste of fuel is prevented, and the air having reached the chimney, although in its cooled state, it does not retain sufficient tendency to ascend to bear it up with sufficient rapidity, is caught by the blast produced by the admission, previously explained, of the steam, and carried up the chimney with great force. This was the contrivance adopted in locomotive engines; and by this an engine, weighing itself 10 tons, and with a train attached of 100, 200, or even 240 tons, moves along a railroad at the rate of twelve miles an hour. Having thus given a rapid outline of locomotive engines, he would proceed to explain the principle of railroads. The perfection of a road is that it should be perfectly hard, smooth, and level. The first requisite railroads possess almost to perfection—the second is disturbed by the joining of the rails; this is not apparent on the Kingston railway, where the rails are new, but on the Manchester and Liverpool it is possible to count the number of rails by the joints of the carriage. To obtain the level is the most difficult part of all—on a level railroad the power of nine pounds is sufficient to draw a ton; that is, in round numbers, the same as 1 to 250; this proportion of weight upon a level would be equivalent to the resistance of an acclivity rising 1 foot in 250—an acclivity of so gentle ascent, as not to be perceptible to the eye, and yet requiring double the power which is necessary on a level road. Engines have been constructed so as to surmount this difficulty; in fact, at one time to put forth double the power which they do at another; but when the rise is 1 foot in 125, it requires treble force to surmount it, and this is beyond the power of the profitable application of locomotive force. If the rise is less than 1 foot in 100, an additional engine is added, that pulls the train up the hill; but if it be greater than this, it is beyond the power of locomotive engines for this ascent. He had trespassed very long, but he would only detain them by glancing briefly at the great lines of communication which are projected. The most forward is the line between Liverpool and London—a railway is to run from Liverpool to Birmingham, and from Birmingham to meet the Manchester railway, at a point about half way to Liverpool; this railway will be 200 miles long—there is a magnificent viaduct over the valley of the Ouse, a mile and a quarter long—and several tunnels, one under Primrose Hill, close to the Regent's Park, of half a mile, another a mile and a half, with several of shorter lengths. By this railroad, even were no further improvement to be effected in the speed of the engines beyond the ordinary rate of travelling, the journey from London to Liverpool would be effected in ten hours; but as it is probable that carriages built expressly for the purpose of speed, which has never yet been the object of attention, could keep up during the whole way the rate of 40, 50, or even 60 miles, which speed had been attained on the Kingston railway in experimental trips, the mail might be conveyed from London to Liverpool in three hours and a half. Dr Lardner then referred to a map on which all the projected railroads were marked—one from London to Southampton, another from London to Bristol. It was impossible to calculate the moral, political, and commercial effects of these railroads. It was found that the making of a railroad trebled the intercourse along the line. The intercourse between London and Liverpool was thirteen hundred persons a-day, as ascertained by stamp returns. The intercourse between London and the three towns he had mentioned was annually a million and a quarter—very nearly the amount of the whole population of London. Other railroads were projected to York, and Edinburgh, and Lincoln; and last, not least, one that he trusted yet to see—the highway to New York—he meant the projected one to Valentia. From this the

greatest good must follow; steam-packets could ply from Valentia to Halifax in twelve days, and thus the whole intercourse with America be brought within the reach of steam navigation; all passengers from the western world would then pass through Ireland, and he (Dr L.) knew of no project more calculated to tranquillise and enrich Ireland than the construction of the proposed railway, in the line of which there is no insuperable obstacle. Our trans-Atlantic brethren had done much in constructing railroads, which were not inferior to ours, as had been erroneously stated—46 were completed, and 137 either completed or in progress; one was now projecting from Baltimore to the vale of the Ohio, which would be 330 miles in length.

BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,
Old Caspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun:
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.
She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
That he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.
Old Caspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh—
“Tis some poor fellow's skull,” said he,
“Who fell in the Great Victory.”
“I find them in the garden, for
There's many here about;
And often, when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many a thousand men,” said he,
“Were slain in the Great Victory.”
“Now tell us what 'twas all about,”
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up,
With wonder-waiting eyes;
“Now tell us all about the war,
And what they kill'd each other for?”
“It was the English,” Caspar cried,
“That put the French to rout;
But what they kill'd each other for
I could not well make out;
But every body said,” quoth he,
“That 'twas a Famous Victory!”
“My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream's hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.
“With fire and sword the country round,
Was wasted far and wide;
And many a chilid mother then,
And new-born infant died:
But things like that, you know, must be
At every Famous Victory.”
“They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many a thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun:
But things like that, you know, must be
After a Famous Victory.”
“Great praise the Duke of Marlboro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene.”
“Why, 'twas very wicked thing!”
Said little Wilhelmine.
“Nay, nay, my little girl,” quoth he,
“It was a Famous Victory!”
“And every body praised the duke,
Who such a fight did win.”
“But what good came of it at last?”
Quoth little Peterkin.
“Why, that I cannot tell,” said he,
“But 'twas a Famous Victory!”
—Southey.

THE BLEST IN HEAVEN.

No sorrow now hangs clouding on their brow,
No bloodless malady empales their face,
No age drops on their hairs his silver snow,
No nakedness their bodies doth embase,
No poverty themselves and their disgrace,
No fear of death the joy of life devours,
No unchaste sleep their precious time deflowers,
No loss, no grief, no change wait on their winged hours.
But now their naked bodies scorn the cold,
And from their eyes joy looks, and laughs at pain;
The infant wonders how he came so old,
The old man how he came so young again;
Still resting, though from sleep they still refrain;
Where all are rich, and yet no gold they owe,
And all are kings, and yet no subjects know,
All full, and yet no time on food they do bestow.
For things that pass are past, and in this field
The indefatigable spring no winter fears;
The trees together fruit and blossom yield,
The unfading lily leaves of silver bears,
And crimson rose a scarlet garment wears;
And all of these on the saints' bodies grow,
Not, as they wont, on baser earth below:
Three rivers here, of milk, and wine, and honey flow.

—GILES FLETCHER, a poet of the seventeenth century.

AUTHORS AND THEIR WRITINGS.

THERE is—as I think it has been somewhere remarked by a French writer—there is that in our character which never can be seen except in our writings. Yes, all that we have formed from the ideal—all our noble aspirations—our haunting visions—our dreams of virtue—all the *estata Venus* which dwells in the lonely Ida of the heart—who could pour forth these delicate mysteries to gross and palpable hearers, who could utterly unveil to an actual and indifferent spectator the cherished and revered images—dim regrets and vague hopes?

In fact, if you told your best friend half what you put upon paper, he would yawn in your face, or he would think you a fool. Would it have been possible for Rousseau to have gravely communicated to a living being the tearful egotisms of his *Reveries*? Could Shakespeare have uttered the wild confessions of his sonnets to his friends at the “Mermaid”? should we have any notion of the youthful character of Milton—its lustrious but crystallised purity—if the *Coussus* had been unwritten? Authors are the only men we ever really do know—the rest of mankind die with only the surface of their character understood. True, as I have before said, even in an author, if of large and fertile mind, much of his most sacred self is never to be revealed—but still we know what species of ore the mine would have produced, though we may not have exhausted its treasure.

Thus, then, to sum up what I have said, so far from there being truth in the vulgar notion that the character of authors is belied in their works, their works are, to a diligent inquirer, their clearest and fullest illustration—an appendix to their biography far more valuable and explanatory than the text itself. From this fact we may judge of the beauty and grandeur of the materials of the human mind, although those materials are so often perverted, and their harmony so fearfully marred. It also appears that—despite the real likeness between the book and the man—the vulgar will not fail to be disappointed, because they look to externals; and the man composed not the book with his face, nor his dress, nor his manners—but with his mind. Hence, then, to proclaim yourself disappointed with the author is usually to condemn your own accuracy of judgment, and your own secret craving after pantomimic effect. Moreover, it would appear, on looking over these remarks, that there are often two characters to an author—the one essentially drawn from the poetry of life—the other from its experience; and that hence are to be explained many seeming contradictions and inconsistencies in his works. Lastly, that so far from the book belying the author, unless he had written that book, you (no, even if you are his nearest relation, his dearest connection—his wife—his mother) would never have known the character of his mind.

All biography proves this remarkable fact! Who so astonished as a man's relations when he has exhibited his genius, which is the soul and core of his character? Had Alferi or Rousseau died at thirty, what would all who had personally known either have told us of them? Would they have given us any, the faintest, notion of their characters? None. A man's mind is betrayed by his talents as much as his virtues. A councillor of a provincial parliament had a brother a mathematician—“How unworthy in my brother,” cried the councillor, “the brother of a councillor of the parliament in Bretagne, to sink into a mathematician!” That mathematician was Descartes! What should we know of the character of Descartes, supposing him to have renounced his science, and his brother (who might fairly be supposed to know his life and character better than any one else), to have written his biography? A reflection that may teach us how biography in general ought to be estimated.—*Bulwer's Student.*

A COOK OF TASTE.—It is related of a celebrated French cook, who has been in the service of the late Marquis of Abercorn, that he refused to accompany the Duke of Richmond to Ireland, with a salary of £400 per annum, on learning that there was not any Italian Opera in Dublin.

HEDGEHOG.—It is said that the hedgehog is proof against poison. M. Pallas states, that it will eat a hundred cantharides without receiving any injury. More recently, a German physician, who wished to dissect one, gave it prussic acid, but it took no effect; he then tried arsenic, opium, and corrosive sublimate, with the same results.

HOW TO PLEASE YOUR FRIENDS.—Go to India—stay there twenty years—work hard—get money—save it—come home—bring with you a load of wealth, and a diseased liver—visit your friends—make a will—provide for them all—then die: what a prudent generous kind-hearted soul you will be!

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